

Shorty

"Little Big Man"

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[Bushwick Bill]

It's Bushwick Bill, I be that motherfuckin nigga
Four foot two, a couple of inches and I'm steady gettin
bigger
Straight from the motherfuckin G
to the E to the T to the O, you know the spellin ho
I had to come up strong to get where I'm at
Moved by myself, I had nobody to watch my back
Back in the day I used to play with Tonka toys
Now I'm paid and shootin dice with the big boys
Shoot a G, bet a G, now watch me hit a lick
I ain't worryin about no shit because I packed my shit
I pull my shit and take a shit cause that's the way I do it
And when it comes to handlin shit, there ain't nothin to
it
Bushwick Bill, the motherfuckin thinkin nigga
Gotta stay smart, to keep me from sinkin nigga
Cause if you sleep, you'll get beat, on the street
Understand, get it that's the plan, from the Little Big
Man

(Yeah.. hahhh.. come again! Uh, yeah..)
(Peep game)

[Bushwick Bill]

Now when it comes to bitches I play games with they
minds
Cause once you get that hit, you gon' get the pussy any
time
And it's a proven fact
I'm hittin bitches from the back, Bushwick Bill,
neighborhood - mack
In and out the crib like a motel
Fucked her so well, the ho had to go.. tell
her friend and then I fucked her too
Got 'em both claimin that they in love wit you know who
Now what am I to do, but pass her to the crew
and let the fellas get that ass and bust a couple of nuts
or two
Cause that's the way we do it, fella
The Little Big Man, takin bitches to that other level!

(Yeah.. uh, uh, uh, ahh)

[Bushwick Bill]

How many motherfuckers wanna step to B-U-S-H
W-I-C-K, blowin niggaz away, clickin every day
Cuttin niggaz up, and I can not prevent the shit
Gougin out your fuckin eyeballs and then I skullfuck
you, bitch
Hey nigga, don't you know, today's the first day
in the last moments of your life, run and tell your fuckin
wife
Little nigga, little nigga, pullin trigger, gettin bigger
Gravedigger bury nigga like me how the fuck you
figure
There's nothin worse than bein, caught up in a gridlock
With a fuckin dreadlock, cause you know I bust shot
Notty dread, notty dread, come slave driver
Buck 'em dead, buck 'em dead, Bushwick gettin liver
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up, BUCK, watch dem fall fast
Little Big Man, buck buck, bustin 'nuff ass!
Wheel it again Selector Diesel
Rap-A-Lot comin da ragamuffin style, nineteen-ninety-
tree
Four five and year two t'ousand
Givin you what you want, much more
Little Big Mon, come again selector
Yes, yes, yes that's how we like it more time
Rap-A-Lot wit da music nice an' sweet, y'knahmsaid
Givin it to you straight from de heart of de street
Fifth Ward Texas, a Rap-A-Lot with de top yes
Givin you what I got, Bushwick Bill, yes
Make de riddim swing no
Gwan now, gwan now, gwan now the style yes
Little Big Mon just gettin buckwild yes
Gwan now, gwan now, gwan now the style yes
Little Big Mon 'im gettin buckwild yes
Gwan now, gwan now, gwan now the style yes...

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